

Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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Semi-Weekly Interior Journal

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—AT—
\$2 PER ANNUM, CASH.

understand if we credit that \$2.50 will be expected and demanded.

W. P. WALTON.

GEORGE O. BARNES

GOD IS LOVE AND NOTHING ELSE

—AT—
PRAISE THE LORD.

MOREHEAD, ROWAN COUNTY, KY.
August, 24th, 1887.

DEAR INTERIOR:—

VERSAILES

Received your cordial and friendly letter, for which may the good LORD bless them abundantly. I hope I should have grace to "bless them" even had they figured in the category of "them that persecute you." But it is always more pleasant to acknowledge kindness than to ventiliate meanness, and I am proud of the courtesy extended to us by the pretty capital of Woodford. Henry Clay called Woodford the "asparagus bed of the garden spot of Kentucky." On this high authority it ought to be "the hub," therefore, and according to the logic of the gentleman who lived in the *Red Bank*, the sweetest spot on earth. "I am the handsomest man in the world," he averred. When challenged for proof, he gave it thus: "I am the best looking man in the *Red Bank*; the *Red Bank* is the handsomest street in Paris; Paris is the most beautiful city in the world; ergo, I am the handsomest man on the planet." If Woodford cannot trace her second ancestry in the same logical way, she can at least hold her own with any county in the Blue Grass. And if there is anything more attractive on the whole than the Blue Grass, in this world, I have not seen it. To my mind, the drive between Midway and Versailles is eight miles of rural beauty unsurpassed anywhere. The little branch railway between the places cuts off this exquisite bit of rolling pasture and farming land from the general traveling public, traversing with iron horse a much less sightly landscape than the turnpike does. On that road there is a mile of "rock wall," the like of which I will venture to say, is not on this continent, or any other, in a single string. The builder of it, of course an Irishman, now keeps the toll gate nearest Versailles on that same road.

We were scattered a little, among friends during the meeting; wife and I uninterceptedly the guests of Mrs. Hart and her daughter, at "Spring Hill," two miles north of Versailles. This is a rare old family estate that has been in unbroken possession for nearly a century, of the ancestors of the present proprietress. It gets its name from a gulching spring that issues from a lofty, winding cave at the bottom of the prominent hill, on which the mansion stands. A hydraulic ram lifts the cool waters of this noble spring to the hill top, whence it is distributed to the stable and other lots in a most convenient and delightful fashion. The home park around the mansion is the centre of a grand estate of largely over 1,000 acres of choicest blue grass land, and the charming hospitality of the refined and cultivated ladies who preside over this exceptionally beautiful domain, is quite in keeping with their glorious surroundings. All that is proper and appropriate for me to say is that they made us very happy guests; quite as home, royally entertained, and leaving their exquisite ordered home with deepest regret that we could not stay longer. We shall never forget their unostentatious and unexaggerated courtesy. On the front lawn there is a towering chestnut, planted by the hand of old Governor Shelby. A full length portrait in oil, by Carpenter, of the late Col. Hart, hanging in the elegant library, is the likeness of one of the handsomest men of his day—a typical Kentucky "country gentleman," of a school that is likely to become a memory of the past; like the stately, generous, princely-mannered plantation owner of the South, "before the war." I am a little saddened to see this race of "nature's gentlemen" passing away. The present generation is getting to be so dominated by the "money devil," that it cannot breed this class of proprietors. And somehow or other I feel that there is a balance wheel of society missing, when the natural aristocracy dies out. Talents are ill-adjusted when we all grow pliant. There is a type of men, kick at it as we will, who preserve uninvited by those of a "barer sort," that niche in society, where the occupants "loaf neither do they spit"; and which is an indispensable factor in a well regulated community. It is the "ornamental" feature of society, if you please, which is as useful in its way as the useful. There is a plebeian envy that resents a man being born "with a silver spoon in his mouth," but it is a base envy, when you sift it. That niche I speak of will be filled by some one. For one, I would rather a "born gentleman" should fill it than a coarse creature, who usurped it because he was a railroad or cotton or stock-exchange king. These will press into the vacant place, whether we will or not.

We may be as democratic as we like in theory, but we always grow aristocratic when we get above the common level. As they say in England, a "radical" becomes "conservative" as soon as he is knighted or sports a peer's coat of arms. The way in which we Americans "bow down and worship" even titled mediocrity, from the other side of the "herring pond" tells, unmistakably, what "manner of men" we are. There is undoubtedly a place in all properly constituted society for a born aristocracy, and when we ignore this, we get a far worse thing.

These thoughts naturally come to one strolling through the beautiful grounds of Spring Hill and gathering gorgeous feathers, dropped by that most aristocratic of birds, the great peacock. In my walk I picked up enough, scattered by these beautiful creatures, to make a fly-brush of. They abound, breeding at will, in the park at Spring Hill.

In writing this, I hope I am not a "snob." I don't mean to be and I don't believe all "snobbery" is capable of understanding the sentiment which I am free to confess I have long entertained; and especially in making practical comparisons between the English system and our own, much to the advantage of the former, every time I think of it. It was the spirit of leveling, contrary to divine appointment; and that controlled by birth, that broke up the tribes of Israel and scattered them to the winds. It will find its full outcome in the age, fast approaching, when those who have raised this Frankenstein devil will find it too big to manage and will "fly to inner chambers to hide themselves" from it. The commune is the ripened fruit of this much lauded, much misunderstood doctrine.

We had grand congregations at Versailles. A good work was done. The good numbers did not openly oppose, but several came to hear. We think gratefully of this. One of them is the ever dear friend of bygone days, Rev. Gideon Root, well-known and much beloved. His sweet wife, the sister of dear John C. Young, is just as she always has been, one of the incomparable women that bless this planet at intervals, whom "to know is to love and to mention, praise." I have known her since we went to college together, so far back that, being still a daughter of Eve, with all her goodness, she might not like me to mention the exact date. Gideon and I had one most profitable theological tilt, in which I lost breath I ought to have economized for preaching; and both got too warm, entirely, for August, even. This is the inevitable result, when two begin with the unshaken purpose to "hold the fort" against all comers and never to be convinced of anything opposed to what they already believe. After this we acted like sensible men and got along delightfully on common, harmonious ground. He is the most genial of men, lovable and one of the best "talkers" I know. A staunch Presbyterian, let me add.

We made the charming acquaintance of Senator Blackburn, for the first time. He did so the honor to attend several of our meetings and seemed impressed and pleased. A wonderful conversationalist, of the fascinating order. I should think he could talk his constituents or fellow Senators into "most anything." He "almost persuaded" me, while I listened to his presentation of the subject, that I ought to go to Washington City, settle down for the balance of my life at that centre of intelligence, intelligence and perhaps a few other things, start a church, based on my doctrine and radiate upon the outside world in the shape of benevolence, to do the itinerant work. I declare, as I listened to this wonderful man, that I began to think I was "somebody" indeed; and visions of ambition began to flit through my brain; dreams of the tremendous possibilities; hopes blither to unawakened; plans for the future, rose colored and radiant; gold, in imagination, I was the centre of an important "movement in the religious world," the reformer of the 19th century, and the converter of Senate and House of Representatives; not to mention foreign ambassadors and possibly the successive Presidents themselves. It was one of the most gorgeous "castles in Spain" I have ever seen. And all conjured up by one eloquent tongue. It only needed ten minutes in the open air to return to the "goosey tramp" level and a trip to Morehead has entirely cured me. Only, I should not at all object, if the Senator will get it up, as an instrument in the LORD'S hands, to holding a month's meeting in the wicked Capital and doing my level best to get a little gospel into that politics-ridden, not to say devil-oppressed city.

I rode over one morning to see his brother, the dear old ex-Governor, who was reported to be on his death bed. I found him weak, but quite rational and not looking like a dying man at all. It was a great privilege to sit for an hour at his bedside and hold the kind hand that had ministered with such unwearying tenderness to suffering humanity. I was told that he had nursed the sick day and night through 14 epidemics of yellow fever! What a "grand old man," indeed! Compare his claims to that title with that of Gladstone, who perhaps has upset in his long life 14 administrations of sorts, and judge which will have the verdict of men, endorsed, when the curtain of eternity lifts. Give me the good doctor's record, everytime.

By the way, this visit to see the Governor gave rise to one of the gathering snow-ball reports that are sometimes so mischievous and annoying. I suppose it happened in this wise. Somebody told somebody else that I had been to see "the Governor." The next party told the next that I had interviewed Gov. Knott. The third that Gov. Knott had sent for me to talk about Rowan. The fourth that Gov. Knott had concluded to send me to Morehead to suppress outrages. The Lexington Press stated it thus, in good faith, perhaps, and in all kindness, the other papers copied it; and I find myself facing a hostile constituency in my own beloved mountains, not able to turn a wheel, until I have run this lie down in nearly every audience I speak to. What a devil he is, to be sure! When I came to Eastern Kentucky six years ago, I found a report had preceded me, that I received \$1 a head for every concession I took in the mountains. Now I am confronted by this exasperating report, and, if believed, would as effectually kill my ministry with the worthy mountaineers as the I was accompanied in my evangel by a trailing gun, throwing 1200 balls per minute.

I prayed with the dear old man I love so well, encouraged him, as best I could, to get well and not die; and left him sweetly sleeping on his left side, while he was supposed not to be able to do, with "position of the heart," his alleged trouble. This gave me hope that the diagnosis of the worthy medical profession might possibly be wrong, and the good old Governor get well yet, in spite of prognosticating science. God grant it, I pray.

MOREHEAD

Followed Versailles in perhaps as violent a transition as any we have experienced in our wandering lives. A letter of Craig Tuliver's, never sent till I was at Versailles, brought me up without delay. It was to me a voice from the grave that I could not ignore. The Cincinnati papers yesterday gave it verbatim. It touched me greatly when I first heard of it. Perhaps the catastrophe might have been averted, or at least there might have been more hope in death, had the meeting he desired been held. I do not know. At anything, if any more blood spilled, I should all ways have had it on my conscience, had I not done what little I can to avert such a sequel of the trials now going on. I have no confidence in anything but the gospel at this stage. Law and Gunning guns may temporarily suppress, but cannot reform. There is only one radical cure for the oppression of the devil—that is the gospel of "Love and Nothing Else."

But it is mail time and I leave the rest for another letter. Ever in Jesus,

GEO. O. BARNES.

A Dangerous Character.

"Did you get that how-thief you fellows went after?" was asked of a man who lives near where the territories of Montana and Wyoming "corner" on Dakota. "You bet we did!" "Make him dance mostly on sir?" "That's what we done!" "Sure he was the right one, I reckon?" "We'll, partner, not so all fired sure as we might o' been. But you can bet your hom we aint the crowd that goes out after a man an' don't git somebody!" "Any evidence against the man you strung up?"

No-o, nothing direct as I know—I 'low it is what they call circumstantial evidence. You see we were gittin' tired o' lookin' say-how an' come 'long to this feller an' asked him if he'd seen anything of our man an' he said he hadn't an' then went on kinder talkin' agin hangin' an' said he 'lowed us fellers didn't have no 'thority to string up folks. Then I say: 'Boys, this caint got no public spirit; he aint willin' nothin' should be done for the good o' the country an' I reckon we'd better string him up himself.' So in 'bout a minute we had him where he wouldn't git his feet wet. You bet a man that won't show no 'thorism 'bout gittin' rid o' horse thieves is a dangerous character for the community."

THE DIET OF STRONG MEN. The Roman soldiers who built such wonderful roads and carried a weight of armor and luggage that would crush the average farm hand, lived on coarse brown bread and sour wine. They were temperate in diet and regular and constant in exercise. The Spanish peasant works every day and dances half the night, yet eats only his black bread, onion and watermelon. The Smyrna potters eat only a little fruit and some olives, yet he walks off with his load of 100 pounds. The coolie, fed on rice, is more active and can endure more than the negro fed on fat meat. The heavy work of the world is not done by men who eat the greatest quantity. Moderation in diet seems to be the prerequisite.

CASEY COUNTY.—Dick Allen, in jail at Liberty for the murder of Charles Tucker, and who had been tried, found guilty and sentenced to a term in the penitentiary, escaped a few days ago and is now at large. He got out through what is known as "Pete Moore's Hole."—James Pyles and Brownlow Crabtree quarreled over the charge by the latter that Pyles' son had stolen some flour from him, when Crabtree shot at Pyles, missing him. Pyles ran off and borrowing a gun followed Crabtree and killed him. Pyles escaped.—Jacob Wall was cut by John Haley in a row, but not very serious injury.—[Yosemite News.]

LONDON, LAUREL COUNTY.

—Real estate is still high and dry in this section.

—A saw mill belonging to the Nickel Plate Coal Company, East Bernstadt, burned Thursday morning.

—A lot of sheep numbering 967, belonging to Black & Williams, was driven through Sta or far east route for blue-grass markets.

—The watermelon festival at the reading room of the Women's Christian Temperance Union Saturday night was said to be quite an enjoyable affair.

—The town clock would be justifiable in "striking" the petty, non-progressive citizens of this place for their failure to build a nice fence around public square.

—A letter to Mr. Lee Majors from his son in law, Dave Jackson, conveys the intelligence that his wife is very sick with fever at Presburg, Ky. Mrs. Jackson's many friends here pray for her speedy and permanent recovery.

—Our subscribers here are so fearful lest they may miss a single number that they are renewing their subscriptions a month or so in advance. Once saved always saved is applicable to the INTERIOR JOURNAL readers. "Try it once and you'll take no other."

—A team belonging to Esquire Steve Cornett ran away Friday, throwing the Squire out of the wagon and bruising his head and face up considerably, and running into Dan Tipton, who was approaching on horseback and was unable to get out of the road and hurting him pretty badly. Stock is rather low, but one's one team I would sell, Squire.

—In renewing his subscription to the "best paper in the world," the INTERIOR JOURNAL, Mr. Charles R. Brock, who returns in a short time to his studies at Lexington, remarked that a student had little time for reading current literature, but that he would read the I. J. along with his bible on Sunday and hold himself blest for the opportunities and influences of a christian land! We have more than once remarked that there was something in that boy.

—Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Craft will take in the inauguration, returning by the Lexington fair. Mrs. Craft was called to Junction City Friday by the illness of her daughter, Mrs. John Pearl and little Miss Ella. Mr. W. A. Parsley and wife have returned from an extended trip to the eastern counties. Miss Fairs McVeigh, of Whitley county, is visiting relatives in this city. J. C. Everole, Perry county, was here Sunday. Little Stella Brown is sick. W. S. Jackson and W. A. Parsley have gone to Barboursville and Pineville on business.

A marriage notice in a contemporary concludes with the announcement that "the happy couple will spend the night with Mrs. Field." We thought it was usual for newly married people to spend the night with each other. —[Grayson Gazette.]

FOR
MAN
AND
BEAST!
GANTER'S
CHICKEN
Cholera Cure!
Mexican
Mustang
Liniment

CURES
Sciatic, Lumbago, Sprains, Rheumatism, Burns, Scalds, Stings, Bites, Bruises, Bunions, Corns, Contracted Muscles, Eruptions, Hoof Ail, Scrow, Worms, Swinney, Saddle Galls, Piles, Cracks.

THIS GOOD OLD STAND-BY accomplishes for everybody exactly what is claimed for it. One of the reasons for the great popularity of the Mustang Liniment is found in its universal applicability. Everybody needs such a medicine. The Lumberman needs it in case of accident. The Housewife needs it for general family use. The Mechanic needs it for his tools and his men. The Miner needs it in case of emergency. The Pioneer needs it—can't get along without it. The Farmer needs it in his house, his stable, and his stock yard.

The Steamboat man or the Boatman needs it in liberal supply aboard and ashore. The Horse-fancier needs it—it is his best friend and safest reliance.

The Stock-grower needs it—it will save him thousands of dollars and a world of trouble. The Railroad man needs it and will need it as long as his life is a record of accidents and dangers.

The Backwoodsman needs it. There is nothing like it as an antidote for the dangers of life, limb and comfort which surround the pioneer. The Merchant needs it about his store among his employees. Accidents will happen, and when these come the Mustang Liniment is wanted at once.

Keep a Bottle in the House. 'Tis the best of economy.

Keep a Bottle in the Factory. 'Tis immediate use in case of accident saves pain and loss of wages.

Keep a Bottle Always in the Stable for use when wanted.

BANK STOCK!

Fifty Shares of Farmers National Bank of Stanford for Sale.

I will sell the above stock before the Court-house door in Stanford, County Court day, Sept. 5th, 1887.

252-41 Administrator Richard Jones, dec'd.

G. A. BENEDICT & CO.,

STANFORD, KENTUCKY.

Well Drillers and Pump Adjusters.

Wells Drilled to order and pumps furnished at factory prices.

243-41

E. H. FOX,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

DANVILLE, KY.

Has removed to his elegant new building opposite the post office and is better than ever prepared to accommodate the public with fine pictures from Photographs to life size. Satisfactory guarantee.

Stanford Female College.

ALEX. S. PAXTON, PRES.

Next Session will begin on

Thursday, the 1st of September

Instruction thorough, and discipline kind, but firm. Graduates on four different courses arranged to suit the tastes and capacities of girls. Offers special attractions in the Departments of Art and Music. Send for catalogue.

249-41

NOTICE.

To the Citizen of Lincoln County:

Having recently equipped a fine Roller Mill in the town of Stanford that we defy any Mill to equal in quality of flour, we think the citizens of the county should have county pride enough to patronize and maintain the same. We wish to inform whom it may concern that we are in the market to buy your wheat and corn and will always give the highest market price for same. We have added some new machinery to our corn meal department and can now make meal to suit any person. It cannot be equaled by any other Mill in this vicinity. We solicit a trial in our flour and meal department. All having grain in our line for sale will please call at Mill, where our agent can be found at all times, who will give the best prices for same. Bread and ship and always in stock.

W. N. POTTS, Sup't.

Stanford Roller Mill Co.

251-41

Notice of Incorporation!

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have formed a corporation and have recorded the articles thereof in the clerk's office of the Lincoln County Court, pursuant to Chapter 36, (Gen. Statutes of Kentucky.

I. The name of the Corporation is the "Cumberland Valley Land Company."

II. The general nature of the business is to buy and sell lands in Harlan and Bell counties, Ky., to mine coal and to manufacture lumber.

III. Its principal place of business is Stanford, Kentucky.

IV. The capital stock is fixed at \$150,000, with privilege to begin on \$50,000. Each share is \$100, to be paid in money.

V. The Corporation shall begin business on the 25th day of July, 1887, and continue 25 years.

VI. The affairs of the Corporation are to be conducted by a Board of seven Directors, from which a President, Secretary and Treasurer are to be elected. The incorporators shall compose the first board, and the election thereafter to be held on the third Wednesday of July annually.

VII. The Corporation shall incur no debt greater than one-fourth of its paid up stock.

VIII. The private property of stockholders shall be exempt from corporate debts and liabilities.

IX. The Corporation shall possess all the powers prescribed in Chapter 35, General Statutes of Kentucky.

W. G. WELCH, ROBT. BOYD, VINCENT BOREING, JOHN BENNETT, GEORGE MCALISTER, W. P. WALTON, J. S. HOCKER.

[249-41]

BANK STOCK FOR SALE!

I wish to sell Forty-five Shares of First National Bank stock of Stanford. If not sold privately will sell publicly County Court Day.

247-41

H. T. RUSH,

LAKE ICE!!

I will deliver to regular customers in Stanford and vicinity every morning at

Two Cents Per Pound.

Accounts due at the close of each month or when customer quits.

R. E. BARROW.

MILLINERY.

Land daily opening an elegant line of Spring and Summer Millinery, including all

The Latest Novelties of the Season.

Also Notions, such as Handkerchiefs, Collars and Cuffs, Ruchings, Corsets, Bustles, etc. You will find me at the rooms lately vacated by Stanley & Warren, next door to the Myers House. 162-2m

KATE DEDDER.

WM. AYRES, JAS. G. GIVE, JR., Notary Public.

AYRES & GIVENS,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

341 Fifth Street,

LOUISVILLE, - - KY.

Rosses 3 and 5, Cronie Block. (109-17.)

PEARSON & CLARK,

Wholesale Grocers

LEXINGTON, KY.

12 & 14 West Main Street.

205-6m

TAXES! TAXES!

The New Revenue Law adds six per cent. to all Taxes unpaid by the first day of September and I will have to collect it. So please come forward and settle.

9-2m

T. D. NEWLAND, S. L. C.

NEWCOMB HOTEL.

MT. VERNON, KY.

This old and well-known Hotel is still maintaining its fine reputation. Charges reasonable. Special attention to the traveling public.

M. P. NEWCOMB, Prop'r.

85-6m

H. S. MARTIN, JNO. M. PERKINS, BRODHEAD, KY., May, 1887.

Aubright & Martin beg to inform their many friends and customers of the change in firm name to

MARTIN & PERKINS.

The new firm hopes, not only to sustain the reputation of the old, but to improve it by making improvements in the manufacture of tobacco which will be to the interest of our customers. We will devote special attention to our Natural Leaf brands of Kentucky's best leaf. Thanking you for past favors and asking for a continuation of your trade, we remain,

Respectfully yours,

MARTIN & PERKINS.

85-6m

DR. I. S. BURDETT,

OCULIST.

BRODHEAD, KY.

Has had an experience of over fifteen years, and has successfully treated hundreds of cases. Special attention is given to the treatment of all diseases of the eyes. Name and address of patients cured given on application if desired.

220-6m

L. & N.

Louisville & Nashville R. R.

—THE GREAT—

THROUGH TRUNK LINE

—TO THE—

SOUTH & WEST

—WITH—

Pullman Palace Sleepers.

Louisville

to Nashville, Memphis,

Atlanta, Montgomery,

Little Rock,

Mobile and New Orleans.

Only one change to points in

Arkansas and Texas.

EMIGRANTS

Stocking, horses on the line of this road will receive special rates.

See Agents of the Company for rates, routes, etc., or write

C. P. A. MORE, G. P. & T. A., Louisville, Ky.

PIANOS!

The world-renowned Knabe, the famous Decker & Son, the popular and reliable Everett. The celebrated Clough & Warren, and the John Church & Co's.

Any one desiring an elegant and durable musical instrument will do well to examine our prices before purchasing. We are agents for the well-known John Church & Co., and will warrant our Pianos for seven years, and our Organs for five years. The Everett Piano and the Clough & Warren Organ are the best and most reliable instruments manufactured. Our instruments can be seen at the postoffice in Stanford, where Miss Rose Richards will state prices, etc.

Persons who have purchased these instruments will testify to their durability and elegant daint.

We will be glad to serve the public, and guarantee satisfaction.

Elder W. J. Williams, of Hustonville, also represents the John Church & Co., and will be pleased to serve his friends.

S. R. & L. J. COOK, Agents.

REPRESENTIVES:

John D. Carpenter, Hustonville; J. M. Elmore, Stanford; James Beasley, Stanford; J. M. Phillips, Stanford; A. R. Penny, Stanford; Mrs. Fannie Farris, Lancaster; Geo. W. J. Landman, Lancaster; Charles Sandage, Junction City; W. M. Payne, Charlottesville; Mrs. E. M. Carpenter, Stanford; Mrs. Maggie Holmes, Crab Orchard; O. T. Wallace, Lancaster.

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